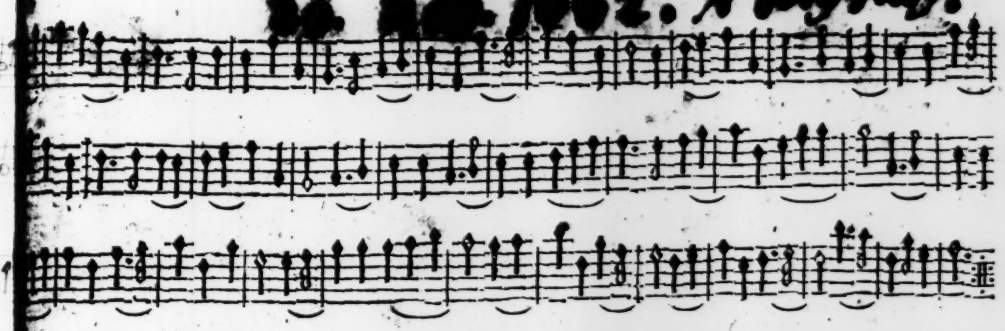
Loyalty Triumphant;

OR,

A Looking-Glaſs for Deceivers.

Detracting *Whigs*, come here and take a view;
For what is pen'd, is no more ſtrange than true.
Tune of, Let the Critticks adore.



Et the *Whigs* ne'r adore
Their old Grandees no more,
they'r out-done, Sirs!
and *Rich* are ſworn in,
o care not a pin
r ne'r a one, Sirs!
at theſe Raſcals can do,
e there's a Lord Mayor too
on't be won, Sirs!

o ought that is ill
ainſt the Church or the Crown;
o wink at their Meetings,
ut will pull them all down:
f the *Whigs* are ſtark mad at
eſe Sherriffs and new Mayor;
ſwear they could be glad that
eir Walloons were there.

e *Whigs* now lament,
you'l find the event
your Treaſon;
e the King's full awake,
will make your hearts ake,
l but reaſon;
t ſuch Rake-hells as you,
e the Devil his due,
this ſeaſon,

protecting your Peer, by
our damn'd *Ignoramus*;

For packing ſuch Sheriffs, and
ſuch Juries to ſhamm us;
For laying together,
your ſeditious pates,
That will never look well,
till on the City-Gates.

To prevent ſuch ſad end,
Be adviz'd by a Friend,
tack about, Sirs!
And be not aſham'd
To wiſh thoſe Rogues damn'd
of the Rout, Sirs!
That won't out with their Chinck,
The Kings Health to drink,
ſure they'r out, Sirs!

For if the Kings life
had not preſerv'd been,
Such Traytors as theſe
would ſurely have ſeen,
A King juſtly rigid,
or damn'd Common-wealth;
That would make them all wiſh
they had drank the Kings Health.

FINIS.

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